

GHOST



SCHEIBELL

THIS LOOKS LIKE HELL!

25c MAY

HOT NUMBER

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Richard III
Act I, Scene 2

*8 million
a day*

**“Framed in
the prodigality of
nature” —**

What's the difference if King Richard III did live several centuries ago? Shakespeare wrote his speech and Shakespeare wrote for the ages. Both liked to refresh themselves. Maybe Shakespeare saw the handwriting on the wall—one of those Coca-Cola ads, reading:

*Good things from nine sunny
climes poured into a single glass.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

WHAT WE WORK FOR

"Oh, mamma, lookit that tramp with that dirty piece of wrapping paper!"

"Not so loud, son, that's a college man with his diploma."

—*Columbia Jester.*

~~*~~

ALARMING

Doctor: "What you need is a little sun."

Warm Young Thing: "Oh,—Doctor!"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*



H. J. MacLaughlin & Co.

Delightful Lunches at Our Modern Electric Fountain

Hot and Cold Drinks

Johnston's
AND
Norris' **Delicious Candies**

SMOKES MAGAZINES

Toilet Articles Stationery
Patent Medicines

18th and G Streets, N. W.
Main 8981

Open until 11:30 P. M.
On Your Way to G. W. U.

PAUL PEARLMAN

BOOKS

COLLEGE — MISCELLANEOUS

CURRENT FICTION

JOIN OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY

NOTEBOOKS — CARDS — STATIONERY

1711 G STREET, N. W.

MAIN 3543

THE NEAREST STORE TO THE
UNIVERSITY

NOT REALLY

Drunk (waking up in cemetery): "Thish
musht be the resurrecshun and I'm the first
one up."

—*Rutgers Chanticler.*

~~*~~

THE OLD WIGGLE

Sultan (to dancing girl): "This sort of
thing must stop. You're shaking the foun-
dations of the Turkish empire."

—*Virginia Reel.*



Sahara Sensation

RESTAURANT MADRILLON

NEW WASHINGTON BLDG.
15th and New York Ave.

Don't walk a mile for a camel when here you can pick from a whole caravan.

Luncheon	55c	1.00	Dinner	\$1.50	2.00
Also a la carte					
Tea Dancing					
Saturday and Sunday Afternoons 75c					
No Cover Charge					
Franklin 8160					

HEARD IN A DRUG STORE

"Say, got any Canadian dimes? I want to call Quebec?"

—Princeton Tiger.

**THE LEFT ONE**

Small Boy: "Pop, what're those things on the cow's head?"

Pop: "Those are the cow's horns."

Cow: "Moo-o-o-o."

S. B.: "Pop, which horn did the cow blow?"

—M. I. T. Voo-Doo.

AN ANIMAL STORY

"How did the raccoon get all that fur on him?"

"The stork brought him that way."

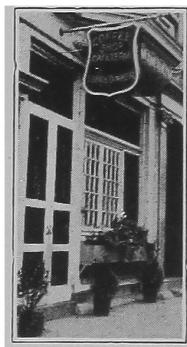
"Oh, I thought maybe some college boy scared his mother."

—M. I. T. Voo-Doo.

**WHO'S THIS GUY FISHER?**

It is rumored that Detroit children will henceforth bear a tag entitled: "Body by Fisher."

—W. & L. Mink.



If you want to forget that you're not at home, eat at the

Park Road Coffee Shop
1404 Park Road

C. A. PEARSON Main 6977 D. C. CRAIN

G. W. Senior Rings

PEARSON & CRAIN
JEWELERS

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FAVORS

1329 F Street, N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.



P.A. wins on every count

ANY way you figure it, P.A. is better tobacco. Take fragrance, for instance. Your well-known olfactory organ will tell you. And taste—who can describe that? And mildness—you couldn't ask for anything milder.

Yes, Sir, P.A. is cool and comfortable and mellow and mild. Long-burning, with a good clean ash. You never tire of P.A. It's always the same old friendly smoke. Get yourself a tidy red tin and check everything I'm telling you!

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



*The more you know
about tobaccos, the
more you appreciate
P.A.*



Wardman Park Hotel

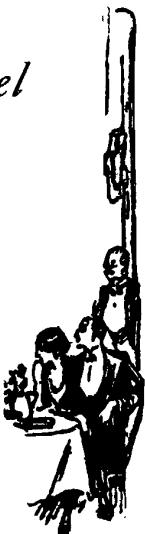
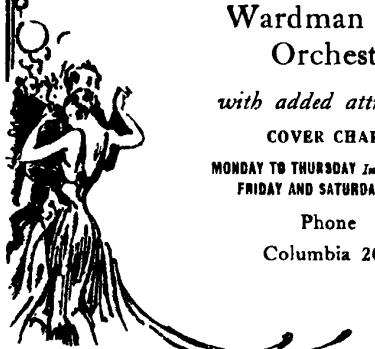
Music by Meyer Davis'
Wardman Park
Orchestra

with added attractions

COVER CHARGE

MONDAY TO THURSDAY *Inclusive* 50c.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY \$1.10

Phone
Columbia 2000



AWFUL

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

—*Wabash Caveman.*



BEE-WARE

Blind dates are like bee-hives, you may get honey, but you may get stung.

—*California Pelican.*

CRIMSON GUILT

Frank: "I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart."

Hank: "That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet."

—*Princeton Tiger.*



A BIG GYP

"Sorry, young lady, but this bill is counterfeit."

"Well, isn't that a hell of a note!"

—*W. & L. Mink.*

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

10th, 11th, F and G Streets

YOUNG MAN

or

YOUNG WOMAN

Whatever your apparel needs may be—from a Handkerchief to a Hat—may be found here—at most reasonable prices.

Men's Apparel, 2nd Floor

Women's and Misses' Apparel, 3rd Floor

G. W. U.
PENNANTS — PINS — BELT BUCKLES
STATIONERY
FOUNTAIN PENS
PARKER — WATERMAN — SHAEFFER
TRY OUR SUPERB SANDWICHES
Sundaes and Sodas RIGHT

QUIGLEY'S

Prescription Pharmacy
Cor. 21st and G Streets, N.W.
Franklin 6591—Phones—Franklin 6461

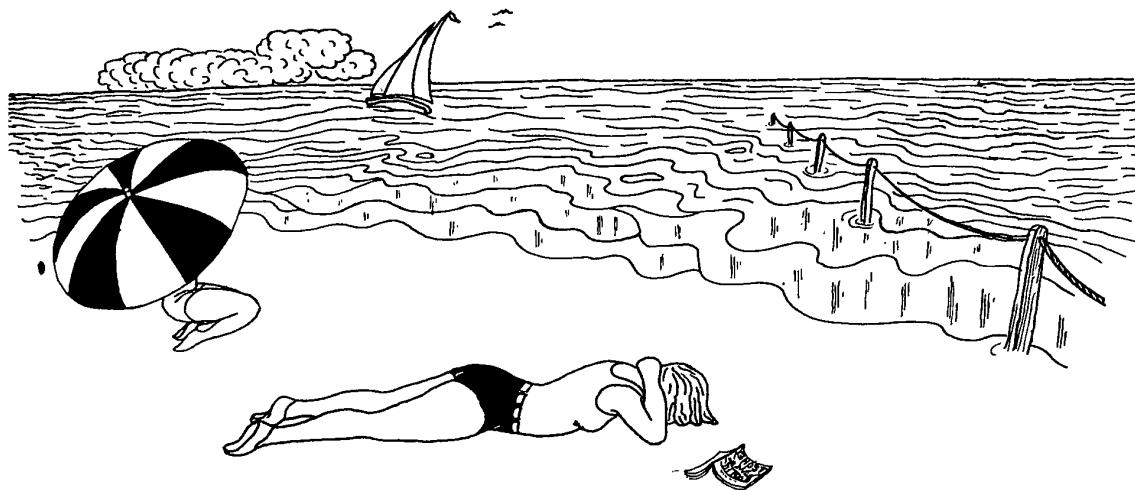
Hot

Number

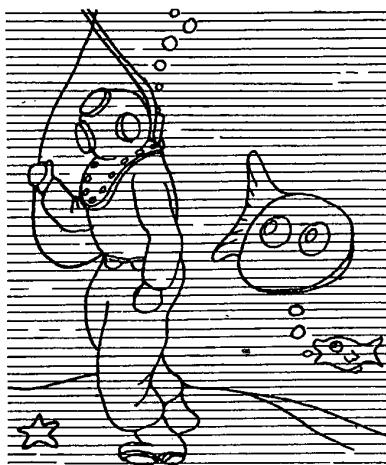


How To Spend The Summer

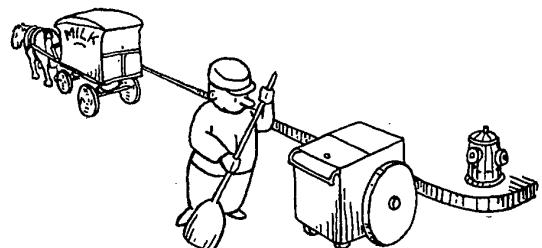
By Gordon Scheibell



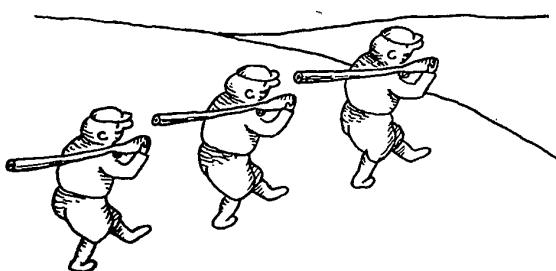
No, the young lady has not died after reading one of the jokes in the GHOST, as might be supposed at first glance, but is spending the summer in a conventional way at a seaside resort. Of course you are wondering where the young men are. We don't know for sure, but our guess is that they are throwing a party on the sailboat. Still we can't imagine why the young lady isn't along.



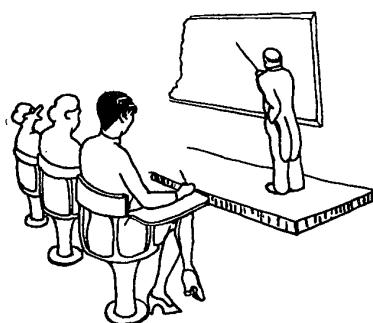
Now if you happen to be just a little sophisticated you will not be interested in spending your summer in such a conventional way. This lad is doing some deep-sea diving; you'll have to admit that it's a little out of the ordinary.



In case you are forced to work there are any number of intriguing occupations. Here is a shining example of a young man earning money to pay his gambling debts, working on the assumption that all labor is dignified.



Or maybe that *ennui* may be cured by a few weeks of Yak hunting in Abyssinia. Kindly note what the well dressed Yak hunter in Abyssinia is wearing. (Vanity Fair please copy).



But the most unusual of all summer *divertissements* is attendance at summer school. It's rather poisonous while it lasts, but those nine extra credits certainly come in handy.



the George Washington ghost

VOLUME IV

MAY 1928

NUMBER 8

CAMPUS CHATTER

Nobby

TO THOSE who are weary of riding in taxicabs we should like to suggest another mode of travel, which, while not so speedy, is far more nobby. We refer to the horse and carriage, which has come to be known among select G. W. circles as a "sea-going hack." These conveyances are driven by various types of the colored gentry about Washington, making their headquarters in front of the Corcoran Art Gallery or McPherson Square, and the two most prominent of the drivers seem to be Messrs. Randolph Jones and Arthur Williams, who claim they like to haul the college boys.

Randolph's horse is not so ambitious on a hill; for that matter, neither is Arthur's. However, as we said before, it's a nice, slow, comfortable, gentlemanly way of traveling, and is quite *au fait* when taking your lady friend to a White House function. If you give Arthur a little drink of firewater the effect is downright miraculous; there

seems to be a psychic bond between him and the horse, for immediately the horse seems instilled with renewed vigor and automatically increases his gait from ten to twelve miles an hour.

Randolph's chief claim to distinction is his thorough knowledge of the city. He is able to take the longest possible route between any two given points.



As for his horse, it is a scraggly creature with a decided curvature of the spine, with a sort of dumb expression on the face.

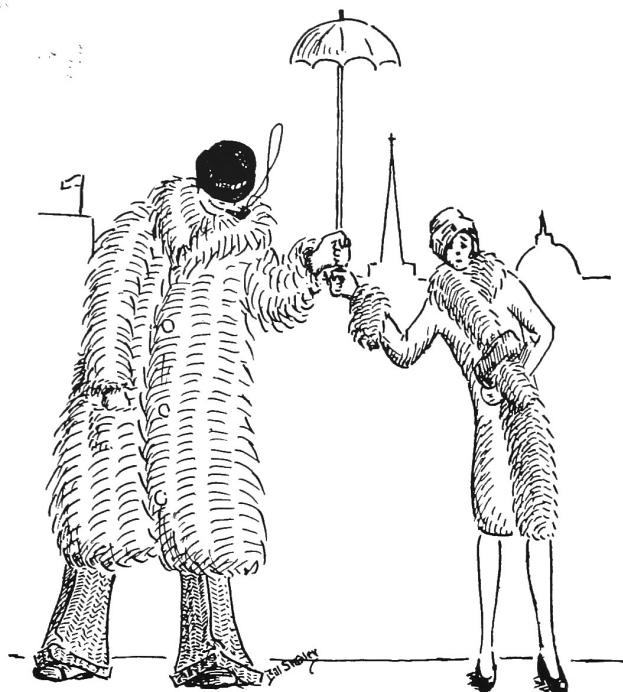
Between the two of the drivers we prefer Arthur. Perhaps it's because we still owe Randolph for our last ride. Anyhow, sometime when you feel flush, charter a "sea-going hack" and ride up Connecticut Avenue. When the natives stare at you, as the lower middle classes have a habit of doing, give them your dirtiest leer. It is good for that inferiority complex.

Blood Money

IT IS a rare occasion when we pause to gaze upon a University bulletin board. It's usually the same old thing: second hand books for sale; collegiate cruises abroad; or a subscription dance. Recently, however, there appeared a short letter from Columbia Hospital, informing one and all that donors for blood transfusion purposes were in demand. The price paid, as we remember, is to be something like \$1 per c.c. of blood.

The procedure, we are told, is as follows. You first have your blood tested. There are three or four different grades of blood, and when there is a demand for your "type" you are supposed to come-a-running. They usually take about 25 or 30 c.c. from you at one sitting, which means \$25 or \$30 if our mathematics is correct. Some say that you don't feel weak after parting with 30 c.c. of blood. This sounds logical, for how could anyone feel weak with an extra

Continued on page 13



Dumbell: "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

Dumbelle: "What does?"

Dumbell: "Water."



Summer Time

"I certainly would like to get something to stop those mosquito bites."

"Have you tried clothing?"



Father: "Do you know my daughter, May?"

Young Man: "Thanks for the tip."



Rodney Tattersall blushes forth and says, "Faint heat never won fair lady".



Patron: "We've been getting better butter and milk since you bought the dairy farm. How is that?"

Dairyman: "Oh, I have a pull with the cows."

Feminine Wiles

"How did you get along with that blonde you were out with last night, Bill?"

"Oh, I gave her the air."

"Wassa matter?"

"Oh, she's one of those Iowa girls."

"What'da you mean, 'Iowa girls'?"

"Oh, I hadn't been with her a half-hour before she said, 'Iowa another installment on this coat!'"



Little girl: "What is a stork, Mother?"

Mother: "A bird of chance, my dear."



Elizabeth Bunting

Girl on fence: "For the last time, NO."

Gentleman under car: "Ah, I knew you'd weaken."

Awful Pun

"Life is certainly full of tears, isn't it?"
 "It certainly is to a guy who noses onions."



Cop (to couple in car): "Say, what's going on in there?"

Male voice from the dark: "It's all right officer, I'm a chiropractor."



We will now all join in that little ditty entitled, "She was only a street cleaner's daughter, but she'll never have white wings."



"Kiss me again, you brute."
 "Yes, darling, certainly."



THE VANISHING AMERICAN



"What did that Old Gold salesman do when he had a coughing spell at dinner last night?"

"Oh, he was nonchalant, he lit a Murad."



"So she's just another gold digger, eh?"

"Yeh. First she called me 'mine', and then she done me dirt."

**Married Life**

At a certain institution in this country it was the quaint old custom to present the member of the graduating class having the first baby born after graduation with a loving cup. The other day the wife of a graduate of the class of '27 presented her husband with a pair of triplets. It was decided to give him three cups. A sweet young thing, seeing the loving cups adorning the mantle in the fellow's home, remarked in an enthusiastic voice, "Oh, sir, I didn't know you were an athlete."

MOBY DICK (Blast me peepers)



FAMOUS FEUDS IN FACT AND FICTION

Moby Dick, the great white whale, and the Captain catch sight of each other. The Captain's still mad because the albino beast bit off his leg some years before. The whale intends to bite off his other leg if the opportunity ever presents itself.

Prevent Forest Fires

"Say, Joe, what's going on at the frat house tonight?"

"Oh, just a big pet-together meeting."



John: "It doesn't pay to take girls skating."

Jack: "Why not?"

John: Oh, they always get sore in the end."



"That girl over there is trying to flirt with me."

"Did she wink at you?"

"No, but she just crossed her legs."

Who Cares?

"How'd you like the Musical Comedy?"

"Oh, it was fine, only the chorus didn't sing at all."



"Why do you lock your door every time the fire engines go by?"

"I want to save my husband from the lure of the sirens."



Dick Rollo bursts forth in the Ghost and says,
"A girl may remain technically good if her technique is good."

We Think This Clever

First garbage man: "How are things going in your business?"

Second garbage man: "Oh, let's not talk slop."



John: "What cha' been doin' all evening?"

Sned: "Oh, tinkering with a miss in my motor."



"I think I'll put that off until tomorrow," said the sweet co-ed as she took off her dress and got in bed.



Highwayman: "Hands up, or I'll shoot." (Drunk puts up left hand).

Highwayman: "Both of them, fellow."

Drunk: "Hic—I'm—Hic—half shot already."



"Couldn't you find out his name when the professor called the roll?"

"Well, I thought I would be able to, but he answered to five different ones."

**INTERLUDE**

And when you come
(If you do come)
I will not ask you why
Though I shall smile
A little smile
To hear you sigh.

There'll be a moon
(Vermillion moon)
There always is somehow
And purple stars
Quite purple stars
To kiss your brow.

And when you go
(If you do go)
My tears I will restrain
For I shall know
As you shall know
That you'll be back again.
(Omar Khayyam was a Persian poet).

A night will pass
(As nights do pass)
A burnished lamp will be
Swung on my door
My unlocked door
For you to see.

Moons shall wane
(Shall wax and wane)
In aged hope shall I
Wait for my love
My only love
Until I die.

Not a College Boy

College Boy (to chorus girl): "Gee you're looking great, even better than when I last saw you. You must have been given a better part."

Chorine: "Yes, I'm playing a bigger roll now."



"Why did you take an ocean voyage during Lent?"

"I had to give up something."

**For Astronomy Students**

"The old moon seems young again tonight."

"Yes, it's had its phase lifted."



"Does it thrill you to know that soon you will become a bride?"

"Well, it always has."



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV

May 1928

No. 8

BOARD OF CONTROL

JOE DAVIS WALSTROM
Editor

ROWLAND LYON
Art Editor

ELBERT L. HUBER
Associate Editor

HOWARD M. BAGGETT
Alumni Advisor

R. CAMPBELL STARR
President, G. W. Press Club

ART STAFF

Marion Stewart
Helen Buchalter
Peggy Somervell
Sally Osborn
Cecelia Fruitman

Charles E. Shreve
Francis Tompkins
Gordon Scheibell
Curran de Bruler
Elizabeth Bunten

Burns D. Price
Virginia Latterner
Rodney Tattersall
Jack Milligan
William A. Blain

Faculty Advisor: HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

This month's cover by Gordon Scheibell

Copyright 1928 by the George Washington University Press Club, Washington, D. C.
Exclusive reprint rights granted to *CollegeHumor*. Published eight times during
the school year; subscription, by mail, \$1.75 per year.

Drawings and literary contributions by students solicited. Address all communications
and contributions to The GHOST, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.



CAMPUS CHATTER

Continued from page 7

\$30? Besides, if you want to look at it in a different manner, you have helped the cause of science, or medicine, or whatever it is.

But, being pessimistic about almost everything, we fear that competition in this field is going to manifest itself along the lines of crass commercialism. Soon we shall probably behold the professional blood-donor, whose business card ought to read something like this:

RODNEY TATTERSALL

Donor of Blood

*I lead a good clean life,
and guarantee more
corpuscles to the c.c.
than any other donor.*

Blue blood a specialty

Surely this opens a new avenue to the impecunious student.

Au Revoir

NOW THAT we have completed our first full fledged year of activity, the accepted thing to do is to pause and look back. At the beginning of the year our

main objective was to put the GHOST on a substantial basis and establish it at George Washington University. We, in our conceited state of mind, believe that we have accomplished this to some extent; at least the students do not look nearly so mystified when asked to buy a copy of our splendid publication.

Beyond a doubt there is a definite place for a comic magazine at any school. Possibly it does not have such a potent *raison*



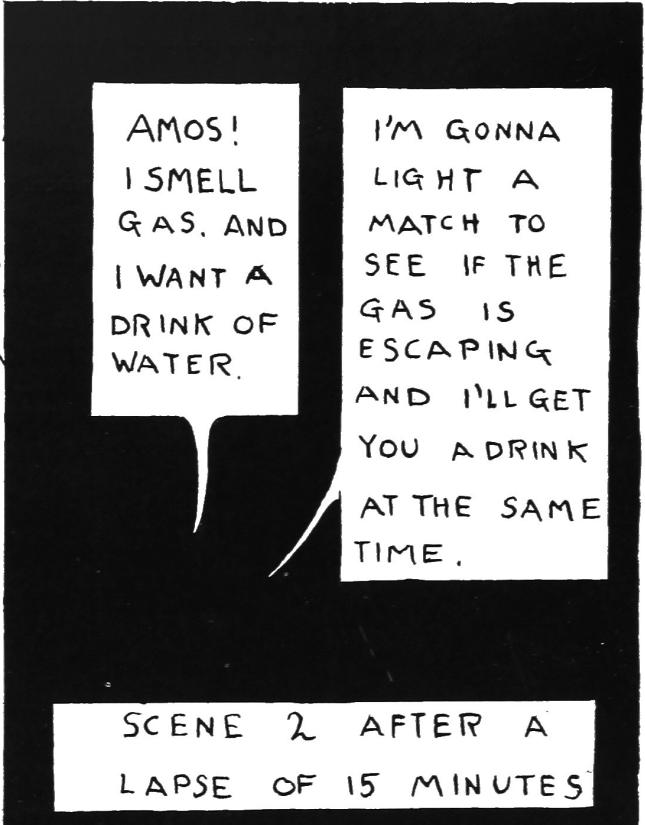
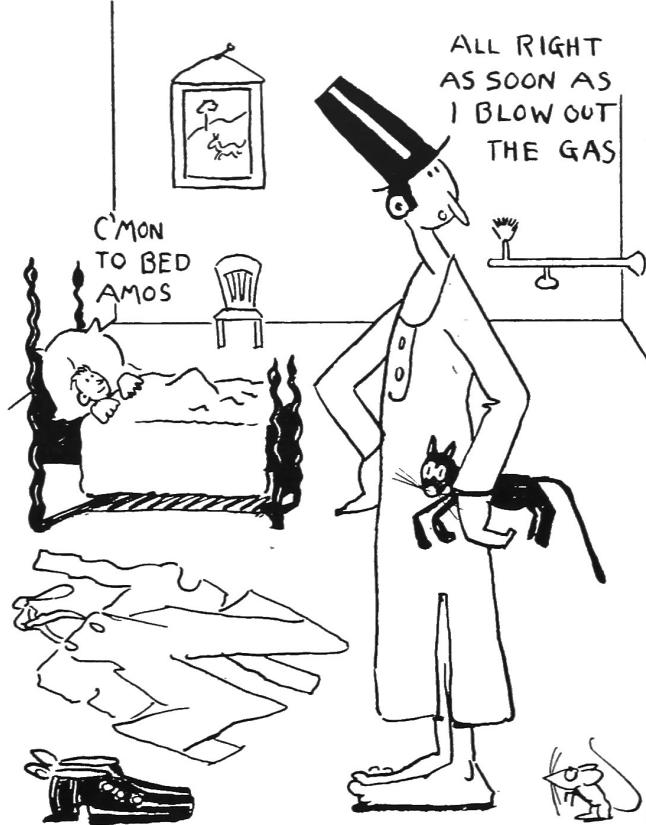
d'etre as the newspaper, but it is a nice thing to have around (so we think). It circulates throughout these United States and its material is reprinted by certain national periodicals. We have always contended that a reprinted joke helps to further the good-will of the school in question, even if it is a so-called questionable joke.

To get back to the point, we trust that the GHOST is beginning to be an institution at G.W., such as the venerable University Hatchet. Perhaps it will even come to pass that the GHOST will be an Influence for Good. Not being so prim as the Hatchet (or the Colonial Wig), our existence is a little more precarious, for occasionally we publish a joke or two which one doesn't expect to find in a respectable magazine.

On the other hand, you have no idea what a difficult task it is to publish a *clean* comic magazine. Throughout our colorful career we must have offended somebody or other, in fact, several individuals went much out of their way to tell us so. To these individuals we earnestly desire to apologize. The fact is, we're really not so bad after you get to know us. Drop around sometime and we'll go to a revival meeting with you. Rodney, get rid of that chewing gum.

Thus we bid you farewell till next October.





SCENE 2 AFTER A LAPSE OF 15 MINUTES



ROWLAND LYON

THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE GHOST

Amos Whiffletree and his little brother Ephod run afoul of the new-fangled gas lights.

Rather Far-Fetched

Our advice to hot mammas this month is,
"Work, for the knot is coming."



"Little girl, what did you learn at your mother's knee?"

"Oh,—anatomy."



Force of Habit

The psychology prof was trying an experiment on his class. Taking a half dollar from his pocket he slapped it down on the desk in front of him. "What's that?" he asked his class. "Heads, sir!" answered a voice from the back of the room.

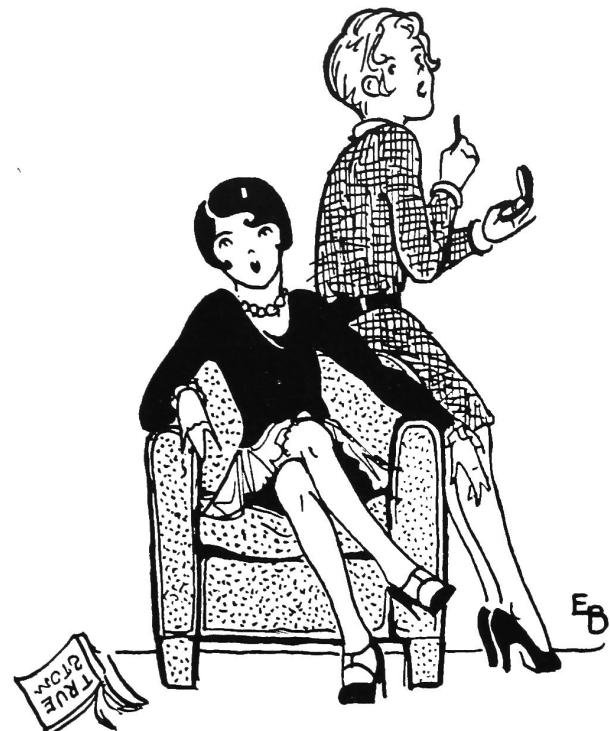


Father: "Young lady, are you by any chance my daughter-in-law?"

Young Lady: "No, just your youth's companion."



A LASS AND A LACK



Dumb: "Got a letter from a soldier the other day saying that they had landed and had the situation well in hand. What did he mean?"

Dora: "Gosh, ain't you never been out with a soldier?"



Drink 'er Down

Judge: "What's this man up for?"

Prosecuting attorney: "For possessing a case of liquor, your Honor."

Judge: "Very well, we will open his case now."



Editor: "That joke is a little too raw."

Humorist: "Well, I thought you would roast it."



And How

"May I kiss you?"

"Would it be right?"

"Well, I'll do the best I can."



The SPARTON

plenty HOT!

MAIL THIS COUPON

The Sparks-Withington Co.
Jackson, Michigan
I want to hear a Sparton Bugle. Send me the
name of the nearest Sparton dealer.
Name _____
Address (home or school) _____
City & State _____

(207)

Touch the Button!
The SPARTON BUGLE
HURLS the musical regulation call
"AT - TEN - TION"
like an alert bugler.

For all cars—at all Sparton Dealers
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICH.

Also makers of Sparton Radio Receivers

BUGLE FOR MOTOR CARS



"What are you doing now, Frank?"

"Oh, I'm an artist."

"Why, I didn't know you were talented along that line. What branch of art are you in?"

"I draw the X's for a tabloid newspaper."

~~~

Girl: "How did you like that law suit you were mixed up in?"

Another: "Oh, they had a grand jury."

(Editor's Note: This is too utterly utter.)

~~~

"Stop fooling, dear, and take these letters," said the absent minded business man as his wife slipped her arm around his neck.

Rodney said he met a girl last night whose father worked in a bowling alley, and she certainly could handle her pins.

~~~

"Nigger, do you believe in the hereafter?"

"I certainly does, boss."

"Well, slip me your rent money because that's what I'm here after."

Director (to movie tryout): "Your acting has been very good this far. Now, can you cry?"

Prospective star: "Can I cry? Say I was acquitted of shooting my first husband."

~~~

Visitor: "That kid reminds me of his daddy. He even acts like him."

Proud Mother: "He certainly does. He even keeps me awake half the night."

~~~

### Kollege Kut Klothes

Clothing salesman: "How do you like your suit, sir?"

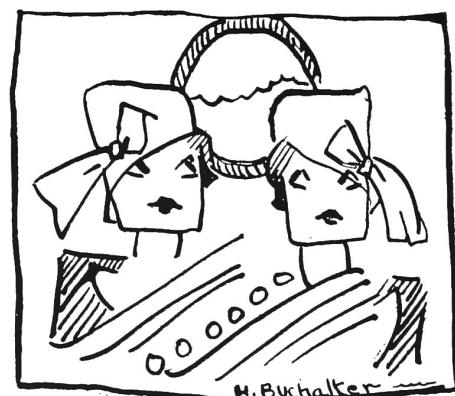
College boy: "The coat and vest are all right, but the trousers are a little tight under the arms."

~~~

Judge: "Have you anything to offer before I pass sentence on you, my man?"

Prisoner: "No, your Honor, I did have fifty dollars, but my lawyer got it."

~~~



"What'sa matter with your brother?"

"Oh, he's almost lost his voice from working in a speak-easy."

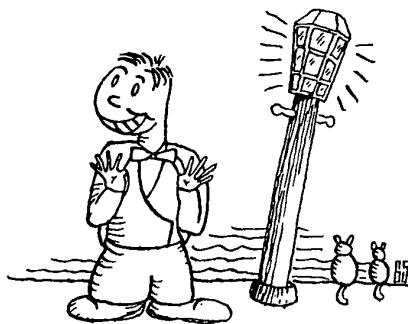
# IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

## In Which Some Young Men Graduating From College Discuss the Facts of Life, Etc.

SOUTH: I don't know why I continue to play bridge with you. Don't you know what it means when I bid one no-trump?

WEST: Here's a nice little ace. We're going to get into those diamonds, and then it will just be too bad. Wilbur, what are you going to do when you graduate?

EAST: I'm going to get pretty drunk.



WEST: You have the best ideas. No, what *are* you going to do?

EAST: I wish I knew. The Gleep False Teeth Company is angling for my services as Washington representative.

SOUTH: Damn! There goes game.

NORTH: But I couldn't take you out in anything. . . . I think I'll come back and take another degree.

SOUTH: Yes, you'll probably turn out to be a college professor. Rotten bridge players usually do.

EAST: As I said before, I'm going to get pretty tight. Why doesn't that bootlegger hurry?

NORTH: And again I might sell Fuller Brushes.

BOOTLEGGER (*entering*): Is Mr. Gulp here?

EAST: That's me.

BOOTLEGGER: That's gone up to a dollar and a quarter. It'll be five dollars.

EAST: Ha, ha. I always paid a dollar. Here's four. Now go home like a nice little boy. (*Exit Bootlegger.*) What's the use of playing bridge at all?

SOUTH: Do you call this *bridge*? Damn. That trick set us. I wish you would learn what a no-trump means.

EAST: What are you going to do?

SOUTH: Hurrah for monarchy. I've got the rest of the tricks. I am going to sell bonds.

WEST: Not bonds!

SOUTH: Yes, bonds.

EAST: And now, Mr. Flurb, let me call your attention to our issue of Estonian government sixes, guaranteed by the State Railway. Blah, blah. It's your deal, Horatio.

WEST: You ape, why don't you cut the cards toward me? Ain't you got no breeding?

NORTH: Yah, you're the guy who was beefing about my bridge.

SOUTH: We need a chaser for this. *Gloop!* Isn't it awful to have to leave dear old G. W.?

WEST: Gad, isn't it? What hands I do deal myself. Really, a man is never so completely lost as when he leaves college.

NORTH: You've been lost ever since you hit college.

SOUTH: Yah, you've left college before, anyway. Usually one jump ahead of your creditors.

EAST (*brightly*): I know. Let's go to South America and start a revolution.

SOUTH: I hate to leave college. Dear old college days!

NORTH: You won't leave college. You'll prob-



ably flunk the finals. (*Singing.*) Hail, Alma Mater!

ALL: Hail, Alma Mater, etc.

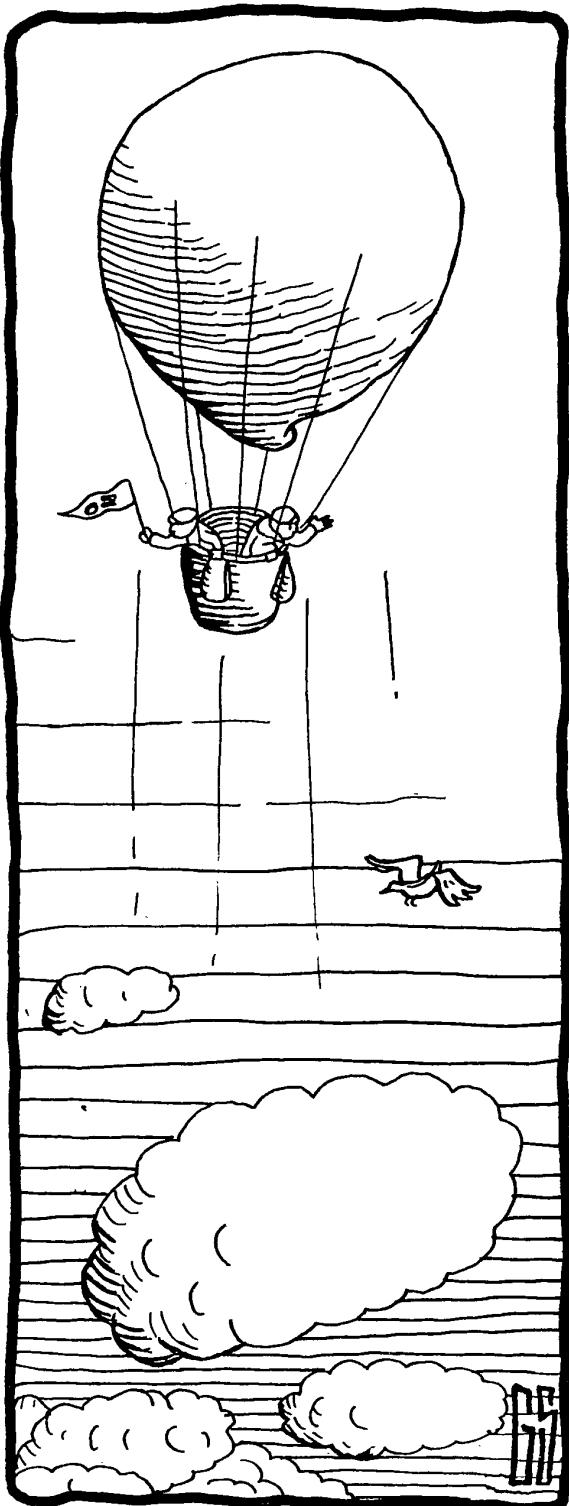
EAST: That's no good. (*Singing.*)

The bards they sing of a British king  
Who lived long years ago. . . .

ALL:

He ruled the land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low. . . .

(*And so on, far into the night.*)



"Wonder what's become of all the Lon Chaney jokes we used to see?"

"They're probably so disguised you didn't recognize them."

### Be Careful, Buddy

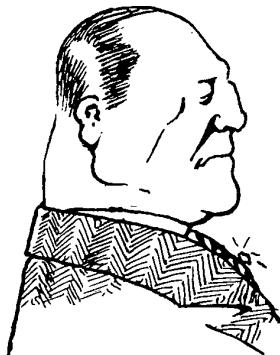
Sweet Young Thing: "Are you in town now for good?"

Traveling Salesman: "Well, I hate to commit myself."

~~\*~~

### The Little Ones At Home

*or A Robber's Ethics*



*EDITOR'S NOTE: This was conceived by Jack Milligan. He sings it at church socials and political rallies. Milligan also composed the music. People, if he ever threatens to sing this song to music, our advice to you is to Walk (Do Not Run) To The Nearest Exit.*

There was once a humble robber  
 Whose philosophy of life  
 Kept him honest in the face of poverty.  
 He was blessed by Heaven's Bounty  
 With a kind and loving wife  
 And had seven tiny tots around his knee.  
 It distressed him when he had to steal  
 To buy his children bread  
 But his thieving was confined to millionaires  
 And to ease his troubled conscience he invariably said  
 As he crept upon his victims unawares:

"I am sorry, oh so sorry, to relieve you of your roll  
 And it deeply grieves my heart to lay you flat  
 When I shoot you through the gizzard it offends  
 me to the soul  
 For I know that you don't think a lot of that  
 But I hope you will forgive me when you realize  
 my need  
 And feel happy when I bust you on the dome  
 For it isn't vicious character which leads me to  
 the deed—  
 I am thinking of the little ones at home!"

Lawyer: "Well, Rastus, I can get you a divorce, but it will cost you fifty dollars."

Rastus: "Fifty dollars! No, No, boss, I don't want no divorce. Dey ain't dat much difference between dem two wimmen."



"Going to class today?"

"Naw, been once this week."



"Why do they call those Indians 'braves'?"

"Haven't you ever seen their squaws?"



"Weren't you engaged to that hula dancer once?"

"Yes, until she shook me."



"And what happened to you, Arbuthnot?"  
"Yea, and my father cut me off, of a truth."



SALLY OSBORN

### *Soliloquy \**

You cannot do as you have done—  
Make me abject, you see—  
I love you, dear, and want you, dear,  
But you don't care for me.

Perhaps it's fate, just lovers' fate,  
That has made things like this:  
You cannot do as you have done—  
Keeps hearts with just a kiss.

I have changed as you have changed;  
All people must, so let it be,  
Who cares, my dear, who gives a damn?  
Since you do not love me . . .

—Anon.

\* Found among the personal effects of one Wink Marshall, the Barefoot Poet with Cheeks of Tan.

**Monthly Dialect Story**

"Boy, what kinda seegar is dat you is smoking."

"Nigger, dat's a quarter see-gar."

"Quarter nothing. You never pay no two-bits for a seegar."

"I didn't say nothing about dat. De boss he smokes three-quarters and I smoke a quarter."



Gob: "Will you be true to me while I'm in China?"

Girl: "Sure, if you take the rest of the Navy with you."



They Do Not Answer

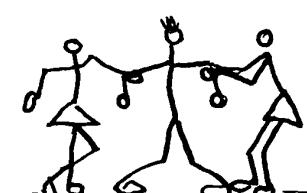
**Animal Story for Kiddies**

First Zoo keeper: "I hear the lion's hair is falling out."

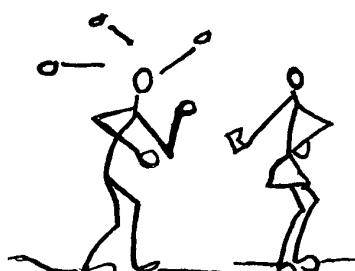
Second Animal Nurse: "Yes, that's his mane trouble."



Visitor (at insane asylum): "And who did that man kill?"



The Wrong Number



A Line Out Of Order



Cop: "Say, young lady, where are you going at this time of morning?"

Female: "To a lecture."

Cop: "Not so fast. There ain't no lectures this time of morning."

Female: "You don't know my mother."

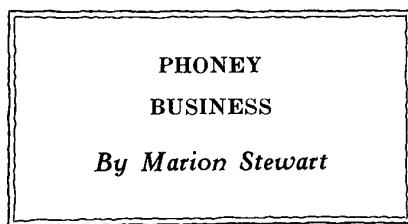


What we want today is Life, happiness and the pursuit of liberty.

**Bang, Bang**

"Are you game, girlie?"

"Possibly. Have you a hunter's license?"

**Good Mathematics**

"I certainly have had a swell paying job lately."

"Why, I thought you had been in jail."

"That's just it. The judge said thirty days or Three Hundred Dollars, so just think how much money I've made."

**No Point To This**

Waiter: "Do you wish sugar in your tea?"

Patron: "But I didn't order tea."

Waiter: "We have no tea."

Waiter (to next Patron): "Do you wish sugar in your tea?"

**Physics is Easy**

"When you throw a match into the air, does it light?"

"Why no."

"Newton must be wrong then."



A Party Line



Recommendations for a sign in Child's: "We are not responsible if the hat and coat you get don't fit."

**It Must Have Been**

"Imagine the expression of my friends when I spoke to the waiter in pig Latin. It was silly as hell."



The Busy Signal



## THE THEATRE

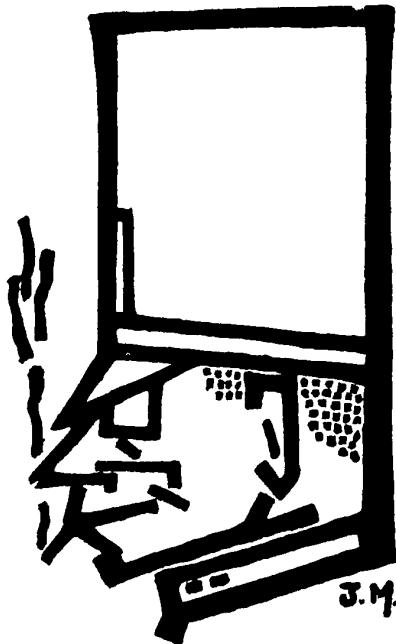
By JOHN MILLIGAN



I AM given to understand by those of my friends fortunate enough to have graduated from some circus of culture that this is the season for valedictories. Never having myself graduated from any learning lean-to except a kindergarten at Newport, R. I., when I received my diploma only after having intoned what a few of the audience vaguely recognized as the Gettysburg Address, I know little about the perennial scholastic good-byes.

With the world of the theatre and its reactions to the end of a season I am better acquainted. This is the month of histrionic valedictories, as well as scholastic. But there is a vast difference between the two. Dramatic critics and showmen invariably bemoan the past nine months and yodel optimistically about the coming ones. Whereas freshly buttered June graduates mull lovingly over the delightful years at the Old School, and aim admonishments at the Good Old Class of 'umpty 'ump as it goes forth to bring glory to the Old Alma Mater in the realms of business and matrimony.

Let us now entice the valedictory into histrionic channels. Every critic in the country is expounding the horrors of the past season during this month, and I see no reason why I shouldn't follow suit. But with a different subject. We shall hear enough from the critics about the plays, and the press



Despite the suggestion in this caricature the subject is no block-head. Count Eric von Stroheim (yes, he really rates the title, although the fans don't know it), appears thusly in his latest release, "The Wedding March". He is the one 14 carat genius of the American screen.—J. M.

agents will tell us all about the actors, so it is my idea to turn the tables. Would you like to get a little dope on the critics and press agents? You very rarely ever read of them. Why not give them a break for once?

Briefly, therefore, I shall sketch the main characteristics of the interesting theatrical personalities of Washington, telling of their every-day nature, as their public opinions and work can be judged elsewhere.

The dean emeritus of the Washington dramatic critics is W. W. Landvoight, formerly the dramatic editor of the Star. While still in service, ill health

has prevented Mr. Landvoight from active reviewing for some time, and he now devotes his time to being kind to press agents, and controlling the make-up and subject matter of the theatrical section of his paper.

Mr. Landvoight is a large, gentle scholar, one of the old school of critics who grew up with Barrett, Skinner, Sothern and William Winter. He hides an interestingly shrewd nature behind a casual tongue. He treats publicity men like human beings, but uses only such stories as have news value or intelligent discussion in his columns. He speaks frankly when necessary, can relate charming anecdotes, knows a dickens of a lot about the inside of show and film business, reveres the stage stars of yesterday, and sometimes harbors peculiar bottles in his desk.

Mr. Lee Somers of the Herald is the active dean of local dramatic reviewing, having seen service in the front trenches of Poli's and the National for eight years, I believe. He is of medium height, likes brown clothes, drives an Essex, has just returned from Europe, was once dramatic editor of the Post, is witty in conversation, conscientious in his work while having intelligent views of the business of play reviewing, gives any worthy theatrical venture publicity, gets the largest salary of any of the local critics, has been

*Continued on page 26*



## AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber



### CITIES OF THE PLAIN

CITIES OF THE PLAIN—By Marcel Proust, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

LE TEMPS RETROUVE—By Marcel Proust.

Another of Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's fine and scholarly translations of Marcel Proust has appeared, a thing which in itself is a literary event. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's English, following as it does the subtle nuances of Proust's style, is delightful to read. He has done his work well, although the translation does not always have the sparkle and brilliance of the original.

*Cities of the Plain* is the translation of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, which carries to completion the astonishing character of the Baron de Charlus and of other persons tainted with his vice. With characteristic Proustian detail, these people—Charlus, Albertine, M. de Vaugoubert—are studied, dispassionately and scientifically. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could Proust be considered pornographic. In these volumes he has left us unforgettable incidents, such as the one in which the dying Swann asks that the Duchesse de Guermantes receive his wife before his death, and the Duc refuses; and the one in which the Grand Duke Wladimir laughs at the poor lady who has been drenched by the fountain.

*Sodome et Gomorrhe* shows a decline in power. *Swann's Way* was perhaps the keenest psycho-



SINCLAIR LEWIS

logically; *Within a Budding Grove* the most beautiful, in fact one of the loveliest of all French novels. Marcel Proust was, when he wrote this, already a sick man, going out into society only occasionally, to gain data for his work. But he wrote on, with great subtlety and strength.

Impregnated thoroughly with Bergsonism, Proust is nevertheless thoroughly interesting. His work, like that of Paul Morand, is more intelligible to an Englishman or an American than to a Frenchman. It is English in style and sentence structure. His long series, of which this is a part, is not a portrayal of life; it is life—life, seen through Proustian glasses.

Of considerable interest also is *Le Temps Retrouve*, the final

tome of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, which has recently appeared. This gathers up all the loose ends, and gives a key to the monumental work to which Proust gave his life with stubborn persistence.

### THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE

Popular reviewers and others are electing to find in Sinclair Lewis's latest effort excellent bits of contemporary satire; to which we can only say that if Mr. Lewis's particular brand is representative, the quality of American satire is decidedly inferior.

The book takes the form of a series of monologues by Lowell Schmaltz, friend of Babbitt, and acquaintance of Elmer Gantry. The character of Schmaltz is far too extreme to be interesting and the monologue palls with too frequent repetition which helps neither the book nor the characterization.

Possibly the only virtue one can find in Mr. Lewis is that his satire is so broad and sweeping that the simplest of minds cannot fail to grasp it and if he is working on this theory—more power to him. At least he will be widely read.

He rightly objects to many American crudities and foibles, but most of them aren't worthy of such fire and gall. Treated more lightly, they would be amusing or perhaps stimulating; as it is, they are unnecessarily ugly.



## TIMELY TUNES

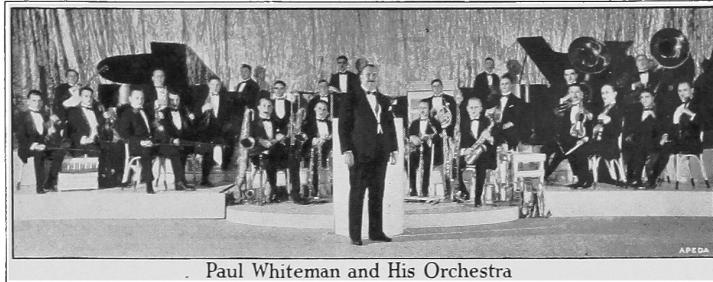
By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



**P**AUL WHITEMAN continues to be the most astonishing phenomenon of present-day popular music. His twelve inch record of Ol' Man River, with Paul Robeson singing (Victor) is magnificent. We have never heard anything to compare with Robeson's voice. On the other side is a Medley from Show Boat, including Why Do I Love You, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, and Make Believe.

Red Nichols, too, has tried the semi-classical twelve inch record. His Poor Butterfly (Brunswick) is exceedingly well done, although why he picked so old a melody we don't understand. Perhaps as an experiment. Another remarkable record is Chloe, played by Shilkret's Rhyth-Melodists (Victor), a combination of pipe organ, piano, trombone, and harp. Whiteman has hit two in a row with the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers (Victor). Hear this by all means.

Outstanding among popular vocal records is Every Evening, by Eddy Thomas (Brunswick), who sings like Gene Austin. Other numbers recommended are: My Heart Stood Still (Columbia), sung by James Melton; Sunshine, Irving Berlin's latest, sung by Nick Lucas (Brunswick) in his usual manner; Mary Ann, by Cliff Edwards (Columbia); Stay Out of the South, sung by Ed Smalle and Dick Robertson (Brun-



Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra

(the orchestra is behind Paul)

wick); Rain, by the Radio Franks (Brunswick). Be sure to hear Libby Holman, who sings The Way He Loves Is Just Too Bad (Brunswick). She was recently at the Palace Theatre. She's a mere child, but plenty good.

We did not care for Miss Vaughn DeLeath, who sings Bluebird, Sing Me a Song (Brunswick); neither did we care for What Price Lyrics, by Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys (Victor), nor for I'm Waiting for Ships That Never Come In, which Franklyn Baur sings (Victor). Mr. Baur has a good voice, but the song is awful rot.

The musical comedies are represented mainly by two Columbia records: Oh Gee! Oh Joy! (from Rosalie), played by Ben

### BEST

- Ol' Man River (Whiteman's big record) (Victor)
- Poor Butterfly (Brunswick)
- Chloe (Shilkret's record) (Victor)
- Sunshine (Columbia)
- Every Evening (Brunswick)
- Mississippi Mud (Columbia)

Selvin and His Orchestra, and Ol' Man River (from Show Boat), by Don Voorhees and His Orchestra. Both recommended.

Collegiana (Victor), the latest from Waring's Pennsylvanians, seems to be an attempt at some-

thing like the Varsity Drag. It's good, though imitative. Right here we should mention Ted Lewis's latest, The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (Columbia). Mr. Lewis has a good band, but with his singing (*sic*) he completely spoils the music. If he would only give his band a chance! Another college record is the Washington and Lee Swing, rather well done, with a lot of shouting and yelling, by Blue Steele and His Orchestra (Victor).

There are a number of good dance records. For example: Sluefoot (Victor) by the Coon-Sanders Orchestra, with some good piano passages; Mississippi Mud (Columbia), played by the Charleston Chasers, directed by Red Nichols; That Melody Of Love (Victor), by Waring's Pennsylvanians; In the Sing Song Sycamore Tree, played by Vincent Lopez and Orchestra (Brunswick); Sorry, by Ray Miller's orchestra (Brunswick); Sunshine, by the Ipana Troubadours (Columbia); Dolly Dimples, a very tricky bit of jazz by Paul Whiteman (Victor); Beautiful, played by the Colonial Club Orchestra (Columbia);

*Continued on page 26*

## THE THEATRE

*Continued from page 23*

a success in many sides of the newspaper game, owns a national magazine, has a charming laugh, and can remember more funny stage situations and movie gags than any man I know.

Mr. John J. Daly is the biggest critic in town, if size counts. His columns on the Post are always readable and reveal a love of the show business that personal contact would never hint at. He is scholarly and polite, always has a cheerful word, is a splendid feature writer, has a muscular frame, and had an interesting past, owns a shock of reddish hair, and writes reviews that can be followed with no regrets.

His colleague on the movie side is Mr. Nelson Bell, formerly the director of publicity for the Crandall circuit, who has an immense amount of initiative, a profound knowledge of the esoteric doings in the film world, is a champion of all really good movies hitting town, and an outspoken and informative conversationalist.

The latest of the local reviewers, barring Mr. Andrew Kelly of the Times, is Mr. Paul McCrea, successor to the hallowed Len Hall. Paul has never been known to pose, is of medium height and fair complexion, honest with himself and others, quiet and unassuming, a father, composes delightfully inconsequential ballads, is clever in business relations, speaks slowly, has a delicious smile, is at home in a good free-for-all, has seen rigorous service in the U. S. air forces, and in general has horse

sense and whimsicality battling within him.

Hardie Meakin, local Variety correspondent and press agent for the Fox, is with Corbin Sheild of the Rialto, the hardest working publicity expert in town. Meakin does an incredible amount of scurrying around and digging up of dope for his paper. The most handsome press agent ever seen in this town was Miss Mabelle Jennings when she publicised for the Fox. Second vote goes to Norman Pyle, once public relations genius with the Palace and Columbia, and now back again with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Most charming personality belongs to Mrs. Lee Somers, who batters down the resistance of dramatic editors for the Little Theatre. (advt.)

One of the most interesting men in town is Mr. Harry Howe, manager of the Columbia. He has a sharp tongue and an extremely honorable nature—if you get a chance, talk with him. He is an old-timer. Mr. Nathan Machat of the Motion Picture Guild is a frank, bluff, shrewd firm man, who grew up with the industry, and knows everybody in it. Mr. Steve Cochran of the National is a darb of a showman and a great fellow. Such are the people behind the theatre industry in Washington. They are more interesting, instructive, and successful than nine-tenths of the so-called stars they make their money by publicizing, criticizing, or booking. Enough—good-bye, folks.

Thanks, Joe. Thanks, Howard, Elbert, Soup, et al. Enjoyed myself at your party. Thanks, public.

## TIMELY TUNES

*Continued from page 25*

Herb Wiedoeft's number, *Trionon* (Brunswick); *Four Walls*, by the Ipana Troubadours (Columbia); *Waitin' for Katie* and the *Memphis Blues*, a record by Ben Pollack and Orchestra (Victor); *Mary*, by Paul Ash (Columbia); *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella*, dumb words but catchy music, by Herb Wiedoeft and His Orchestra (Brunswick). This does not nearly exhaust the list.

The Walter Kolomoku Honoluluans have recorded *Girl of My Dreams* (Victor) in Hawaiian style. Perhaps you'll like it. There is a new Jesse Crawford record, *Humoreske* (Victor), and a Columbia pipe organ number of *Rain*, by Emil Velazco. Lee Sims plays *Diane* on the piano for Brunswick.

*Manhattan Serenade* is in the modern manner and similar to the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Louis Alter is the composer. Victor has brought out a record of it played by the Victor Salon Group. A very remarkable piece of music. The Anglo-Persians play *In An Oriental Garden* (Brunswick). There is a record on the grand organ by Arthur Meale, and recorded in Europe, called *Storm* (Victor), which is a fine piece of onomatopoeia. We heard Tito Schipa sing '*A Vucchella*' and Rosa Ponselle sing *Songs My Mother Taught Me* (Victor). They were fair. Giulietta Morino, a violinist, plays *Millions d'Arlequin* and *Diane* for Victor. We like it very much.

*How to Start the Day Wrong* : : : : By BRIGGS



- AND FINALLY YOU COUGH THE BIG BOSS RIGHT OUT OF YOUR OFFICE BEFORE YOU CAN MENTION THE LITTLE RAISE YOU WANTED.

AND SO THE DAY IS UTTERLY RUINED.

I'LL RESIGN BEFORE I'LL STAND FOR ANY MORE OF HIS ABUSE. HE HAS SUCH AN IRRITATING COUGH.... HE OUGHT TO SMOKE OLD GOLDS.

BRIGGS



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

## ROBERTS OF LONDON

*The World's Foremost Maker of Sweaters*  
has appointed us his representative for the  
National Capital and

OUR FIRST IMPORTATION  
has just arrived. Do stop in and see them!

**Jelleff's**  
A FASHION INSTITUTION  
Paris Washington New York

## you'd really be surprised

at the large number of  
g. w. students who are  
regular patrons of the

## little theatre

on 9th street between f and g

## BAN ON ALIENS

Father: "Your new little brother has just arrived."

Very Modern Child: "Where'd he come from?"

Father: "From a far-a-way country."

V. M. C.: "Another damned alien."

—Barnacle.

~\*~

## WE DON'T BLAME HIM

"The Sultan is very suspicious."

"What's the cause of that?"

"One of the eunuchs has a bass voice."

—Virginia Reel.

## HOW WAISTFUL

Engineer: "Peg's dancing is very inefficient."

Arts: "How come?"

Eng: "Too much waist movement."

—Carnegie Puppet.

~\*~

## JOINED IN THE MIDDLE

Guest: "I want a double room."

Clerk: "With twin beds, sir?"

Guest: "Well, er, the Siamese type."

—Stanford Chaparral.

## CLOTHES

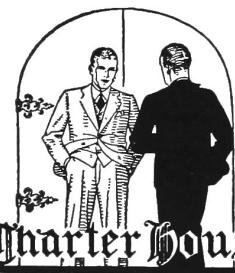
Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY  
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL  
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



**Charter House**

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



Charter House

## THESE MODERN WIMMEN

Robert: "You look like a modern girl; let's get married."

Roberta: "Chase yourself . . . I'm as modern as I look."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



## TRADE AND MARK

"Whose name is on more people's tongues than any other?"

"I'll bite."

"Smith Brothers."

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

## EDGEWORTH

*- PART OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION*



*The Aristocrat  
of Smoking Tobaccos*

LARUS & BRO. CO. -- RICHMOND, VA.

CORRECT APPAREL  
for UNIVERSITY MEN

Here at this old established house, University men will find complete assortments of clothing and furnishings in the prescribed mode for this season.

**PARKER-BRIDGET CO.**

NATIONALLY KNOWN STORE

The Avenue at Ninth

Washington, D. C.

*Cafeteria - Buffet - Cafeteria*

711 13th St., N. W.—1427 F St., N. W.—1429 F St., N. W.



A. R. LOFSTRAND

Franklin 10466

## WASTED EFFORT

First Liberal Arter: "Why didn't you laugh at Professor Aurelio's puns today?"

Second: "I'm flunking anyway."

—*Boston Beanpot.*



## A WISE GUY

"Where's the man who keeps this restaurant?" asked a disgusted patron.

"Sorry, sir, but he's out to lunch."

—*Colgate Banter.*

Buy the "Timely Tunes" at

**GORDON'S**

1710 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Victrolas · Records · Radios



YOU WON'T BE  
**A GHOST**  
 IF YOU EAT AT  
**THE CLEVES**  
 We Have a Dandy 50c Dinner  
 Every Night  
 1819 G Street, N. W.



**Jack:** What were you before you joined the Navy?

**Tar:** A Life Saver!

**Jack:** What flavor?

#### GRAMATICALLY SPEAKING

Nit: "Punctuate this sentence, 'Mary ran out into the garden nude.'"

Wit: "I think I would just put a period at the end."

Nit: "I think I would make a dash after Mary."

—*Ga. Tech Yellow Jacket.*



#### UH HUH

"Why did you give up pipe organ lessons?"  
 "I felt so blooming childish, playing with my feet."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



#### CALL A MECHANIC

'30: "There was something loose in my car last night."

'31: "Yeah, I saw you pick her up."

—*W. & L. Mink.*



#### HANDS OFF

"Did you ever see a boy with wonder hands?"

"Yes, wonder where they're going next."

—*Ga. Tech Yellow Jacket.*



#### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

Many of the owners of "pre-war stuff" neglect to mention that the war referred to is the next one.

—*Rice Owl.*



#### NICE BOY

"Isn't that the limit?"

"What is?"

"Necking."

"Oh, Bob, I feel so safe with you."

—*Rice Owl.*

### ALL WET

"Well, well," said the absent-minded professor, as he stood knee-deep in the bathtub, "what did I get in this mess for?"

—*Hopkins Black & Blue Jay.*

### YOU KNOW THE TYPE

First English Prof: "Stick around, hic, and we'll split an infinitive."

Second Dub: "Naw, hic, I gotta get home to gramm'r."

—*Pitt Panther.*

### A HARDENED CRIMINAL

Judge: "Were you ever in trouble before?"

Prisoner: "Well, a librarian fined me two cents once."

—*Cornell Ollapod.*

WASHINGTON'S SMART THEATRE

## THE BAND BOX

U Street near 15th

SHOWING ONLY  
UNUSUAL FILMS

OF

## THE BETTER CLASS

### COMPLETE

A  
D  
V



The  
E  
READ-  
TAYLOR  
Co.

Copy  
Plans  
Ideas  
Layouts  
Art Work  
Typography  
Engraving  
Embossing  
Printing  
Folding  
Binding  
Mailing

N P. B. X. CALVERT  
1800-1-2-3-4-5  
G Baltimore, Md.

### - SERVICE -

# something



## —dreadful has happened to Oscar

It's the new plus nines—the angle of the Dunhill—the way he speaks familiarly of Bond Street, *Folies Bergère*, Limehouse.

Oscar has been to Europe. With College Humor's Collegiate Tour.

It couldn't be helped. Everybody goes nowadays. And Oscar picked the tour of them all. College Humor's—with a college jazz band, famous writers, artists and athletes from every campus. The special parties in Paris.

Oscar made a hundred new friends. He has a broader outlook on life. He's a changed man.

Oscar has been to Europe.

## Winners of the \$2000 Art Contest

the pick of 10,000 drawings by 1,589 artists appear complete in the May *College Humor* on sale April first. Don't miss this number.

College Humor's Tour to Europe

1050 No. LaSalle St., Chicago. CC3

Your twenty-nine day tour of four countries, all expenses paid for \$375, sounds good to me. Send me all the details quick, before your membership is filled.

Name .....

Address .....

1928

## CHERRY TREE



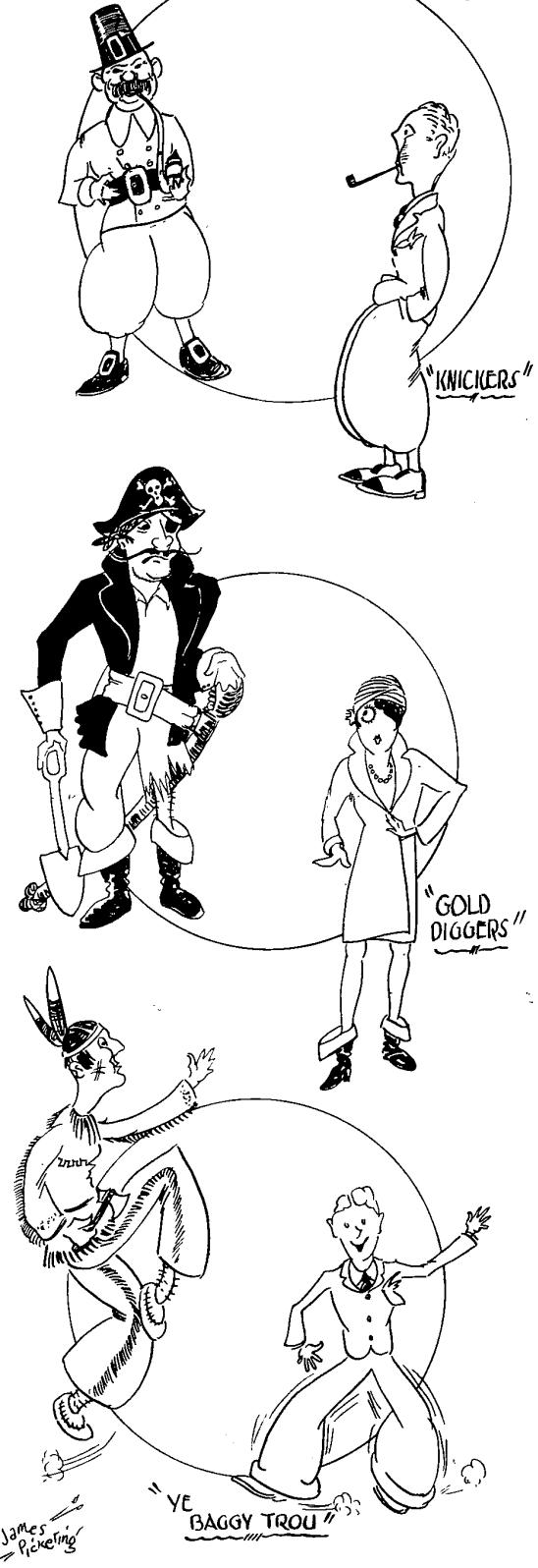
YOU'LL be sorry if you haven't subscribed to your University's Annual.

There is a new theme telling the story of George Washington, the man, and our University. A distinctive cover will surprise and please every one. The clever art work by G. W. Students is so well done that it is being used as examples for other yearbooks.

This Annual is filled with memories—happy, exciting, poignant. There is something about every one here.

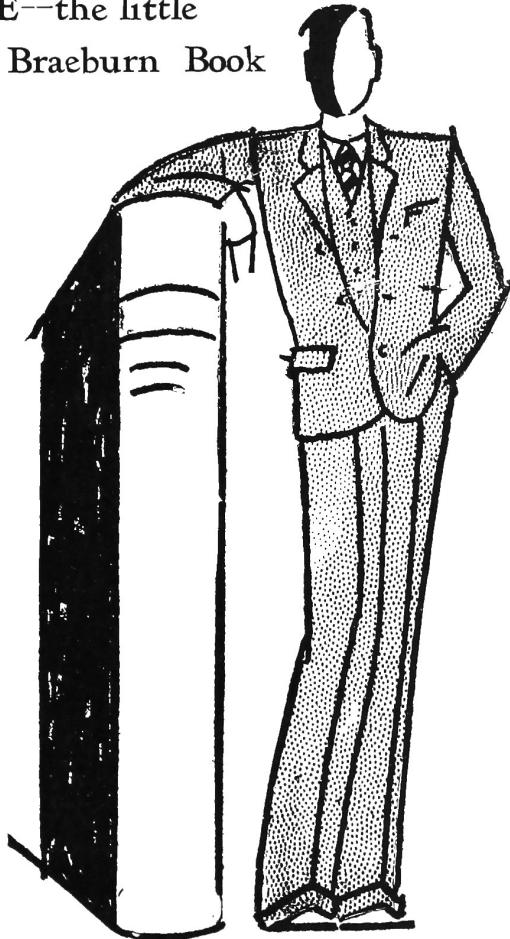
Subscription slips may be obtained at the Treasurer's office.

## TRADITIONS



—Nebraska Awgwan.

FREE--the little  
Red Braeburn Book



# What Every College Man Should Know

Come in today or tomorrow, or any old time, for a copy of the 1928 edition of the

## Braeburn Book



*A book full of vital facts and statistics that answers with ease questions that perplex even the faculty.*

Besides leaving space for the present size of your hat, and the motor number of your car, it contains such valuable data as one would expect to find in the Encyclopoedia Britannica, or the New York World Almanac. About thirty pages are left for important names and addresses, such as one keeps in red books. The alphabetical classification of good numbers alone is worth the price of admission, which in your particular case is nothing.

---

These books are now in the Frat House. Simply come in and ask one of the salesmen for your copy. We even give them to Freshmen.

There is no joker—not even a little one. Only we reserve the right to ask you if you

do not care to look over the Braeburn University Clothes for Spring. They are very smart. You don't have to look at them if you don't want to, but we believe you will, because college men seldom fail to give good numbers the once over.

*The Frat House*

**The Hecht Co. , F St.**



## AN ADDITION TO CAMEL SMOKE-LORE . . .

WE SUBMIT the sad case of the freshman in zoology, who, when asked to describe a camel, said, "A camel is what you wish you were smoking while you try to think of the right answers." He flunked zoology—but he knew his cigarettes. For in time of trial or time of joy, there's no friend like Camels.

*The subtle influences of choice tobaccos upon the smoke-spots of mankind have been carefully studied, identified, and blended smoothly into Camels—the finest of cigarettes. And we'll bet an alkaflitch on this: Camels have just the taste and aroma to pack your smoke-spot with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Got an alkaflitch you want to lose?*

© 1927

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Read-Taylor Press  
Baltimore